

# *The Peak*

*Vol 52 | Issue 2*

SEX

## Welcome to Volume 52.2 of The Peak, the Sex Issue.

Here at The Peak, we find that all the sex we have is at least a little bit queer, no matter what we're doing or who we're doing it with. Sex isn't just about physical acts, it's about your relationship to your sexual self and your desires. We live in a world that uphold binary gender and heteronormative sex as the ideal, but how many of us are actually working within that framework?

Originally we intended to call it the Queer Sex Issue, but because sex lies at the intersection of gender, sexuality and desires, we felt that "Queer Sex" might be redundant. So within these pages you'll find articles that are explicitly about sex, but also writing that explore topics like genderqueerness, kink, asexuality, among others. We tried to push the boundaries of what we consider comfortable when we think about sex, and to include articles that deal with ideas that are beyond our expertise. Because good sex involves trying new things, no?

If your interested in contributing to the peak, we accept submissions through the mail & via internet. Send an e-mail to [peakcontent@gmail.com](mailto:peakcontent@gmail.com) with your articles, images or art.

Thanks for reading, and watch for a new, improved Peak format in the New Year.

Yours in struggle for total freedom,  
*The Peak Collective*

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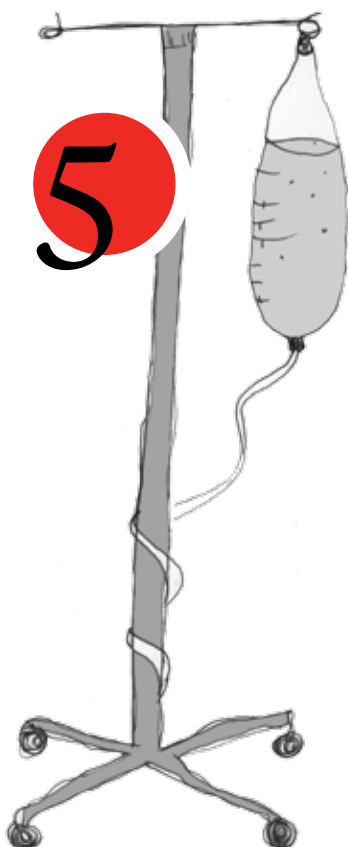
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## frau muttermund

Sissy - that's a term for a person? I didn't know that, honestly. The first connection I had with it was that I know the name Sissy, and it awkwardly reminds me of the white empress of Austria.

I am a trans queer person of colour who grew up in East Germany so when white people talked about Sissy all I thought was...no...stop I am not interested in your Sissy-maniad.

So - besides beautiful impressive dresses, I don't like Sissy. Because this person represents a kind of beauty ideology which people like me are made invisible or just become ugly. And I've felt ugly most of my life.

But now, for this project, I looked up this word and I am surprised that this word represents a new conception that I am not aware of. I found this sentence: "Sissy is, approximately, the male converse of tomboy." So I think I am a hidden sissy that comes out once in a while, depending on my mood and the environment I live in. Because being invisible "sissy"-of-a-lie is sissy.



# A Beautiful Boi...?

By Vance DeFirenze

Through being intimate with different people I know that others see me as hot, sexy, desirable and beautiful. However, I am still working on fostering a positive relationship with my body. In a society completely saturated with images of athletic, cissexual\* (as well white, able bodied, heterosexual, and so on) bodies it is hard to view my trans and queer body as something someone can find attractive. I have a uterus and a chest so that means I am legally female, but I have lived my life completely out as male for over a year and a half. I generally pass as male in public

but have to have conversations with people when we first meet, since I am not taking testosterone and do not have a 'masculine' voice, to tell them that I am trans and use male pronouns. These generally go alright but can be very exhausting and often entail answering uninformed questions.

The process of coming to see myself as beautiful, desirable and sexy is deeply connected to my sex life and connected to the intimate relationships I have with lovers. Experiencing sexy, consensual, queer, hot intimacy with someone who is attracted to me and wants me and my trans

\*cissexual- someone who identifies with the sex they are assigned with at birth

## Through patience, love, whispers of reassurance, strong arms holding me and with time, the body dysphoria, the hatred of my chest and “feminine” body has become easier to bear

body, is very validating. Yes, working on self love off of the attention and validation someone else is giving you is problematic in its own ways. However, when you see NO representations of your body or identity anywhere in media or generally around you, where else can you start when you look in the mirror and what is looking back at you is not the body that you want, a body that does not correspond to how you think or feel or identify? I have never thought that I was born in the wrong body; however, I do want to change certain aspects of it. But who has gone through their life and not wanted to change certain parts of their body?

No one touches my chest. No one has really touched me there in over a year, unless I fiercely trust them and am extremely comfortable with them.

I would hold it in for weeks at a time, the tears, frustration, confusion, thoughts of “Why are they there?” and “Why do I hate and despise this part of my body so much?” I had so much guilt for just having those thoughts, I was sick with questions of why this was happening to me; I was distraught with anxiety and pain of not being able to be something that I was socialized and raised to be: a woman. But I was trapped; I could not lie to myself and the people around me, so I had to come to terms with who I was, embrace who I was, and eventually celebrate myself and who I am, which includes building a positive relationship with my body.

Through patience, love, whispers of reassurance, strong arms holding me and with time, the body dysphoria, the hatred of my chest and “feminine” body has become easier to bear (or bare, but I’m not sure if that is intended?) but has not subsided... (In my opinion this ellipsis is misplaced. I would recommend a semicolon followed by ‘or, rather ‘ ) ; or, rather it has just become more normalized in my life of daily struggles as a transmasculine person, with two lumps on my chest that are far from the pecs that I desire.

My partner’s love for me and my body, her attraction to me, her viewing me as beautiful has allowed me the space to attempt to start viewing myself in a positive way. Celebrating our bodies through sex, labelling my body in different ways has allowed me to finally start seeing myself and my body as masculine, attractive and as something other than the negative thoughts and feelings that were tied to it for so long.

Our bodies are ours to discover, name and map...

I am working on seeing myself and the process of questioning that I have gone through, and continue to go through, as beautiful. The process of discovery, instability and unknown can be a beautiful space when one is supported and able to find stability and able to accept the absence of answers and embrace what is different, what is queer and other. *P*

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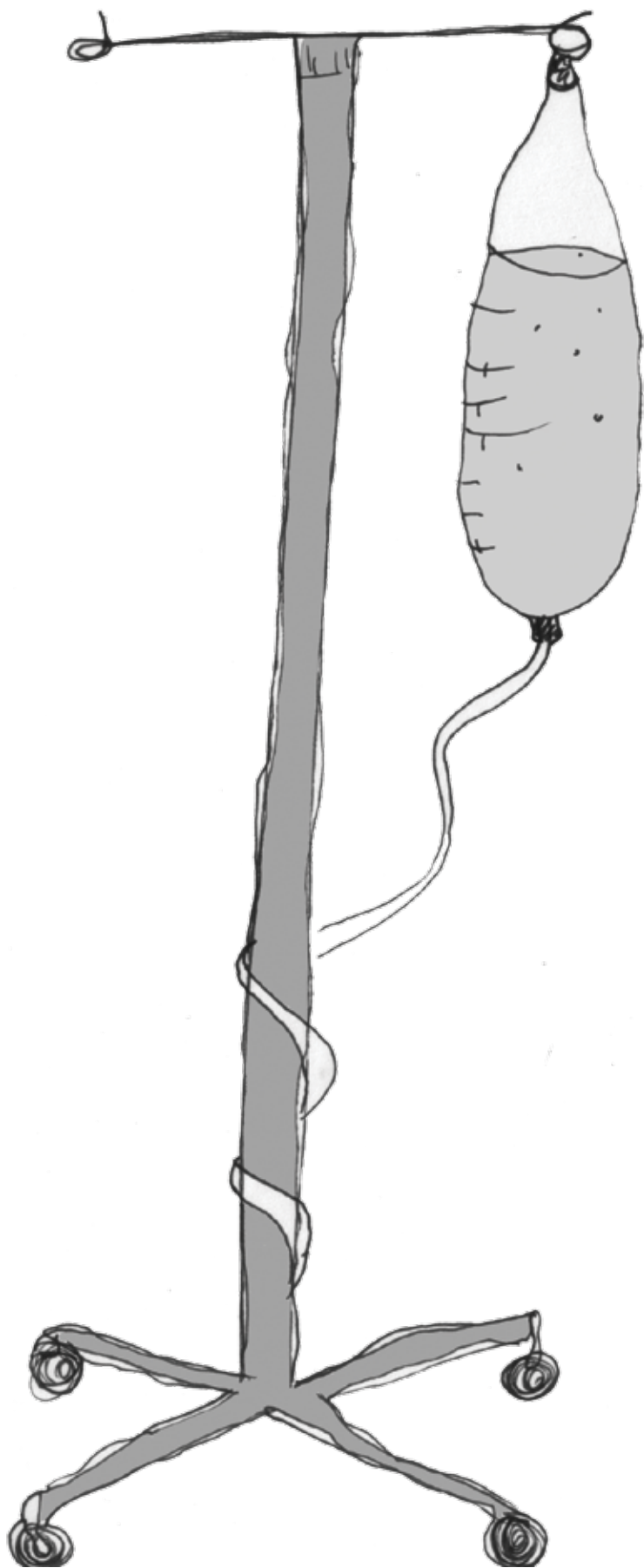
*Our Bodies Are  
Ours To Discover,  
Name & Map..*





# Hard To Come By

By Anonymous



I want to share a story about an experience I had this summer when I had briefly convinced myself I could no longer get an erection. In hindsight, it was an experience that was both insightful and frightening and was something that shook me at the core of my gender and sexuality.

The story begins in a hospital room where I was recovering from a major surgery I had this summer. Leading up to surgery, I was given the laundry list of potential risks associated with the upcoming procedure. All of the things named on the list were extremely unlikely to happen, but the doctors were still obliged to make sure we knew every little thing that could go wrong just in case we tried to sue them down the road. Things like infection, profuse bleeding, and death were amongst the items on the list. However, the one that caught my attention in particular was the two

percent chance that I would never be able to get an erection again. For whatever reason, this one stuck with me. I had had many surgeries before and had never really paid attention to the laundry list. It seemed too small or too big to matter, or irrelevant since no amount of worrying would change the outcome of the surgery. Like any inevitable oncoming train, you just kind of take a breath, close your eyes, and absorb the impact as lightly as possible. Yet, this time it got under my skin. I started to imagine what it would be like not being able to get an erection. I started to ask myself questions: At what age do men generally start going impotent? How many men have difficulty getting hard or getting off? How do they deal with it? What sorts of other erectile dysfunctions are there? Are there peer-support groups? As it is, I have a somewhat floppy penis even when it is “erect”. Sometimes it takes a while for

It sounds weird, but I think my thought process went something like this: Guys are obsessed with getting off, so concerns I had about the possibility of not getting off seemed to be also rooted in patriarchal thinking. I couldn't think of the right friends to bring it up with, thinking it was probably a more appropriate topic to discuss with my partner. And I didn't raise any concerns with my partner because a two percent chance didn't seem like much to be concerned about, and it didn't seem to make sense to make a deal of something that was currently nothing.

About a week after the surgery, I started to develop some concern. I was feeling well enough; sitting up for my meals, going for regular walks around the floor, and slowly reconnecting with friends by phone. The doctors had even given me a tentative exit date. Around this time, I started to anticipate that I should be well enough

**Leading up to this surgery, I did not do a very good job of sharing my anxieties with anyone. I am supposed to live in a community where talking about sexual health is encouraged.**

me to get erect. This is often the case when I get cold (literally). I need to wear socks when I am having sex or trying to get off. Wikipedia says there are some people with penises who will get erections their entire lives. For most others, eventually there will be difficulties likely due to medications, smoking, neurogenic disorders, kidney failure, psychological causes, surgery, and aging. Treatment for erectile dysfunction depends on the cause. Forms of treatment can include exercise, or an external vacuum pump. More drastically, inflatable or rigid penile implants may be fitted surgically.

Leading up to this surgery, I did not do a very good job of sharing my anxieties with anyone. I am supposed to live in a community where talking about sexual health is encouraged. But I think this was overshadowed by my gender politics.

to notice a bit of movement down below (even though the abdominal incision from the surgery came within half an inch of my penis). I was not expecting any miracles, but was hoping for a bit of movement when I peed. But this was not the case. Things were very still, limp, and cold. After going to the washroom, I would sit on the toilet and wait for something to happen. I tried isolating my gluteal (butt) muscles and then my sphincter trying to encourage a movement from my penis. Nothing. Later, while laying in bed, I would leave one hand on my penis, hoping the touch and warmth would generate some response. Still nothing.

After a couple days of this, these fears boiled over one night and I was locked into the reality that I would never be able to get off or cum again. I wanted to call a friend,

## After a couple days of this, these fears boiled over one night and I was locked into the reality that I would never be able to get off or cum again.

but I didn't. My practical brain recognized that it was still too soon after surgery to know for sure, so I decided I would wait a month after the date of surgery before I shared this news with my partner. I also felt like they were already dealing with the weight of the surgery, so why burden them with another thing that may or may not be an issue? Instead I layed in bed by myself, stared at my reflection in the window and cried. My eyes rested against the dark night sky blurring into traffic lights and headlights in the steady rain. I was by myself in a hospital in a city that was not my home. I just laid in bed and thought about what my new life might look like without erections.

Then I came up with my own laundry list. The first thing to cross my mind was, "How am I going to have sex with my partner?" I imagined my partner being disappointed by the news. I immediately assumed they would support me throughout my recovery and then leave me for someone with an erect penis. I thought about how drastically our sex would change. I thought about how I would never get to ejaculate or masturbate again. I was surprised how much I was going to miss masturbating. It is such a big part of my day. I always look forward to it and constantly think about the next time I will get to jerk off. Once I had finally tallied all the worst possible scenarios of me not being sexy or my partner leaving me, I calmed down and started to think about the silver lining. If this was going to be my future, what are

some of the positive sides of not being able to cum or get an erection? What are some things about this new lifestyle that I can get excited about or even take pride in? Once I started thinking in those terms, I felt a bit more assured. First, I thought about how I would not feel so preoccupied with the next time I was getting off, when, where, or how? There was a calmness that came with not worrying about the next time. I imagined no longer having to worry about my performance, whether or not I could get it up, how hard I was, or how long I could go for. This lead me to my second point. How to approach the possibility of still having good sex with my partner? I thought one fun practical solution to this might be dildos. I have had a little bit of experience with them, but I came up with a plan to know more about dildos, to learn what was out there, and to go on a serious shopping trip for dildos, vibrators, and harnesses. I started getting excited about having collection of nice toys to work with, learning how to use them, and how to make my own. The nice thing about this was that I could imagine myself still having sex again and it being a good experience.

I finally told my partner a week later. It was my first night out of the hospital. We were making out and I started to get hard. After getting off, I began to tear up. Looking obviously confused, my partner asked me if I was ok. I explained to them everything that had happened and they scolded me for not telling them a week before. *P*





Trigger warning: This article deals with non consensual rough sex.

## A Field Guide To Creepy Dom

By Asher

**T**his is something I wrote about two years ago which has been reposted every which way all over the internet. I don't even know where it is at this point, I just know that I still get repost requests for it all the time. I don't like this

piece very much and never really did, and if I wrote it now I would probably say some things differently. However, I still agree with the gist and stand by what I said.

So, without further ado: A Field Guide To Creepy Dom

## INTRODUCTION

This is a public service announcement for the BDSM and kink community. It is especially directed at anyone relatively new, and extra especially at anyone who ever bottoms. For the benefit of everyone's mental health and safety, I would like to discuss the widespread phenomenon known as Creepy Dom.

Creepy Dom has many faces. He is almost always male, although I have encountered his rarer cousin, Creepy Domme, from time to time. Sometimes he seems only mildly annoying, at other times outright dangerous, but in general, he just gets scarier as you spend more time around him.

You all know this guy, or have at least heard of him. He's the one who got banned from the local S&M club. He's the asshole who just sent you a rude "Submit to me now" message on Bondage.com— even though you're listed as a femdom. He's the guy who seriously abused your friend under the guise of "D/s." He might've even made the national news, but more likely, his victims have never reported him to the police.

Who am I to speak of Creepy Dom? Not an expert, by any means. I have, however, extensively observed this creature in all of its natural habitats, from internet message boards, to the dark corners of the local dungeon, to sleazy hotel rooms. My encounters with Creepy Dom have been many and varied, and started long before I was legally of age to enter the real life BDSM scene.

I found him first on the interwebs, preying on fourteen year old nymphets. Though I was young at the time (sixteen) I had a sense of responsibility for my community that not all of my fellow underaged kinksters shared, and I was concerned by what I saw going on. In an attempt to counteract the onslaught of Creepy Doms that plagued us wherever we attempted to gather in solidarity, I founded YouthKink--a small online forum that eventually drew about thirty

members--specifically for those of us who were desperately kinky and too young to do anything about it. There, I and my co-moderators tried to disseminate information gleaned mostly from SM 101 and a few good websites.

The teens who frequented YouthKink were generally responsible sorts, determined not to do anything unsafe or illegal. But once in awhile, we encountered this girl:

"my master says if ur a real slave u cant have ne limits!1111!!"

The poor thing was usually in an online or IRL (In Real Life) relationship with a man old enough to be her father. This individual was her sole source of information on BDSM, and he fed her nothing but lies. My co-moderator and I would do our best to set her straight, sometimes with modest success. But all too often, the damage had been done.

When I entered the IRL (In Real Life) BDSM scene on my eighteenth birthday, I was absurdly confident that my battles with Creepy Dom were over. The scene filters out all the bad guys, right? Everyone knows everyone, and so everyone knows if you're an asshole. I was so wrong. In fact, I fell into the hands of not one, not two, but three creepy doms that very first week. Two of them manifested their creep-ness immediately, one of them by asking that I immediately move to LA and become his live-in slave (!). One of them, however, hid his true nature from me for a long time. I foolishly trusted him, and was foolishly devoted to him. He eventually ending up abusing and raping me. All that my "true submission" got me was a disease, a broken heart, and a slew of psychological issues that remain, as of this date, largely unresolved. A cautionary tale.

After this, I became a bit of a connoisseur of Creepy Doms. In a time when I craved and needed sexual pain, but scorned true human contact, it occurred to me that the best people to prey on are the predators. If you're looking for trouble, Creepy Dom will always meet you halfway. One thing

## The guy was absolutely a textbook case. He exhibited many traits which, come to think of it, I have seen in one form or another in all of my encounters with Creepy Dom.

I discovered is that Creeps rarely pull anything really horrible on a first date, and better yet, you don't have to feel guilty that there won't be a second one. I learned how to spot 'em– or rather, I learned that they would spot me. It was sort of a symbiotic relationship– I got my needs met by allowing myself to be preyed upon in small doses.

I'm past that phase now, thank God. For several months, I lived virtually Creepy Dom Free, aside from the occasional, inevitable internet idiot. But just last night, alas, I had occasion to remember Creepy Dom, when we were approached by a prime specimen of the breed at Bondage A Go Go.

This... gentleman... began by intruding upon a scene in progress. He proceeded to speak only to Dylan and Char, completely slighting me. He said he could get them into a private party at Mr. S. He asked us where we usually hang out, and when Char said "The Citadel" he reacted with suppressed scorn. Before any of us fully knew what was happening, he had grabbed Dylan (who was already sub-spaced out) and forced him onto his knees, without so much as a 'by your leave.' "You can always tell if someone's submissive by doing this," he said, digging his finger into a pressure point on Dylan's wrist. He pointed out the involuntary twitch of one of Dylan's fingers, then reached for my arm to do the same to me.

"I didn't give you permission to touch me," I hissed.

He laughed, and said something to the effect that "she," on the other hand, was not submissive.

"My name is Asher, I am not she, I'm a transman, and not letting you touch

me has nothing to do with whether I'm submissive," I informed him.

Finding no fertile ground in me, he focused his attention on Dylan. Char sat by, not quite sure whether to interfere, but not willing, either, to leave Dylan alone with this person. To me, at the time, it looked like the two of them were both eating up all of this guy's bullshit. I left in disgust to get some air, still shaking with endorphins from my rudely interrupted scene.

When I returned, Jackass was done with Dylan, who was sitting around looking spaced out and lost, but not in his usual happy way. Jackass was promising extravagant Mr. S goodies to everyone, and trying to get contact info. Before he left, he apologized, condescendingly, for touching me without permission. I pointed out that he had also walked into the middle of our scene. He smirked, and repeated, "I apologize for touching you without permission."

The incident was full of red flags from start to finish. The guy was absolutely a textbook case. He exhibited many traits which, come to think of it, I have seen in one form or another in all of my encounters with Creepy Dom. I am inspired to make a list of these traits, as sort of a field guide, using examples from my own experience. Here are some of the things to look out for.

### THE ANATOMY OF CREEPY DOM:

#### A. HE COMES ON TOO STRONG, TOO FAST

Creepy Dom is not just looking for something for one night. He is an abuser, and he needs someone to control over a long period of time. He will therefore

come on very strong and friendly right off the bat, try to obtain contact info, and attempt to establish a more-than-casual relationship quite quickly.

Take the man from BaGG last night, who I'll call "Dave." He tried to instill a sense of gratitude or even indebtedness towards him with his "private party invitation" and offers of "Mr. S gift cards." Buying loyalty is a common Creepy Dom tactic.

Another guy, who I'll refer to as "Mitch," tried to turn a one night stand into a Dom/sub relationship by proclaiming that "he just knew this was the start of something really special." A Creepy Domme, "Liza," was talking about "our relationship" on the third date. Then there's the "Jake" from L.A. that I mentioned earlier, who tried to get me to move away from family, friends, home and school after barely knowing me for a week.

Creepy Dom wants quick commitment. In order to get it from you, he will try to convince you that you're really special, and you should feel privileged to have his attention. But if you've got a Creepy Dom pressing you for monogamy and/or submission, ask yourself why, if he's everything he says he is, he doesn't have someone on their knees before him already?

Creepy Dom is almost always alone. And there's a very good reason for that.

## **B. HE'S CONSENSUALITY CHALLENGED**

The laying on of hands without permission is a classic sign of a Creepy Dom. Almost every single Creepy Dom that I have encountered has done this. This is just one way in which one of his essential traits manifests: For all he may talk about being SSC (Safe, Sane and Consensual), he doesn't care shit about it.

Creepy Dom may not negotiate, or not negotiate enough. He may even voice scorn for the practice of negotiation. He will do things without asking, or only ask after the fact. "Liza" demanded that I call her 'mommy' without first asking if it was all

right. "Molly" asked that I address her as 'big sister,' similarly without preamble. Luckily for all concerned, I am not an incest survivor.

If you pursue a relationship with Creepy Dom, the consensuality issues will not go away. They will, in fact, continue, and increase exponentially in severity. A case in point is the man who repeatedly tricked or forced me into having unprotected sex, and later, slipped me a date rape drug.

## **C. HE "HAS CONNECTIONS" AND IS "EXPERIENCED"**

Creepy Dom is, in his mind, Uberdom. Regardless of his level of experience or involvement with the community, he will tell you that he is a highly skilled dominant and has lots of well-connected friends. "Name dropping" is common- he'll make sure you know about all the organizations he's involved with, and all the well-known players who are supposedly his buddies. He usually doesn't know any of them quite as well as he wants you to believe.

I once inadvertently assisted a Creepy Dom in the middle of an attempted name drop. He was trying to say something about a "well known rope top- Jay Whatshisname."

"Jay Wiseman?" I asked. "Wrote SM 101?"

"He wrote SM 101?" Creepy Dom gawked.

Later that evening, he mentioned, to a new acquaintance, his friendship with "Jay Wiseman, author of SM 101."

Oy.

Rule of thumb: If you need to say you're a master, you probably aren't a master. Be wary of any top who brags excessively about his "experience" and "scene cred."

## **D. HE "ESSENTIALIZES" DOMINANCE AND SUBMISSION**

Creepy Dom has a theory. He thinks dominance and submission are innate personality traits that manifest, not only in a scene, but in all walks of life. Dominance is a tao, to him. He may

talk about “true dominance” or “true masters,” “true submission” and “true slaves.” He thinks he can spot people who are “naturally” submissive because of superficial traits. Shyness is a popular sign of “true” submission. So is indecisiveness. For another example, see ‘Dave’s’ pressure point test.

Some Creepy Doms have a strong New Age twist, and these tend to have the most amusing and infuriating theories about D/s of all. One guy, ‘Mitch,’ simply characterized dominance and submission as “masculine” and “feminine,” which is a rather Gorean way of looking at it. Another, one of the more unpleasant internet Creepy Doms I’ve encountered, assumed right off the bat that because I was “submissive” I must have been “abused in childhood.” (When I rejected him, he immediately wished me post traumatic flashbacks.)

Now, some truly decent people hold similar ideas about the innateness of dominance and submission, so this can get tricky. Don’t use this sign alone to spot a Creepy Dom. But most Creepy Doms will hold forth extensively on this topic, because it ties into my next point–

#### **E. HE MANIPULATES YOUR DESIRE TO BE A GOOD BOTTOM**

A Creepy Dom will try to draw you in with praise, saying he knew from the instant he saw you that you were a “true submissive.”

For example, ‘Dave’ flattered Dylan when he proclaimed the results of his little ‘pressure point’ test. Dylan was clearly submissive, and even his unconscious reflexes said so. This was a big pat on the back.

On the other hand, the moment I rejected ‘Dave,’ I was proclaimed to be “not submissive.” Obviously anyone who has the ability to draw boundaries does not have the “natural gift of submission.”

This is the main method of Creepy Dom. Obeying him is rewarded with praise, and especially with the affirmation that you are a “true submissive,” a “real slave.”

On the other hand, limit setting is labeled “topping from the bottom” and leads him instantly to the conclusion that you are not, in fact, truly submissive.

Case in point: “Lily” was a Creepy Domme who found one of my friends on Craigslist. She took him to the now-closed Power Exchange, tied him to a chair, and left him there for an hour. While she was gone, another couple sat down close by and starting going at it. My friend was unable to move away, with the result that he got a stranger’s body fluids all over him. When Lily came back, he was on the verge of a breakdown. The next day, when he tried to tell her that what she did wasn’t OK, he was reprimanded and told not to “top from the bottom.”

The man who really hurt me badly talked about innate dominance and submission a lot. He convinced me, for a while, that because I was “naturally submissive” I “needed” a dominant to “mentor” me through life– and of course, he was just the man.

A related point– Creepy Doms generally know how to induce subspace quickly, and also know how to take advantage of it. Dylan was unable to refuse ‘Dave’ last night because he had literally been put into an altered state. “It was a weird subspace,” he said later. “It didn’t feel as happy as it [subspace] usually does.”

Hearing him say that brought back not-so-fond memories of how a “really deep subspace” can be turned almost seamlessly into Stockholm syndrome.

#### **F. HE’S USUALLY DOING SOMETHING WRONG**

Of course, the most important sign of a Creepy Dom is that he’s actually saying or doing something fucked up. He usually shows his true colors pretty quickly, but he often does so in small, excusable ways. Make no mistake– these guys are often pretty charming, and seem so confident in their “experience” and “scene cred” that it can be hard to call it like you see it, even when what he’s doing is really wrong.

## When all's said and done, Creepy Dom is just a classic abuser dressed up in leather. And that, my friends, is a lot less sexy than it sounds.

Try to step back and ask yourself if what he's doing is really OK. Did he intrude on a scene in progress? Has he touched someone without permission? Is he breaking the club rules, or the rules of common courtesy? Does he use his toys clumsily or unsafely? Does he neglect barrier protection?

Most of the Creepy Doms I have encountered were, in fact, almost constantly guilty of discourtesy, stupidity and deceit. One guy pulled me aside to suck his cock in a corner at a party where sex was prohibited. Another man bragged about fucking a woman so roughly that the friction of the carpet tore bleeding wounds in her back. Another guy talked to me at length about his scorn for predatory dominants who pounce on the newbies the minute they come through the door, despite the fact that it was the night of my 18th birthday and he was about to ask me to play.

Usually there are obvious red flags present from the beginning. But we let them slide. We give these men and women the benefit of the doubt. We believe in their supposed "scene credentials" and take them at their word when they say they always play SSC.

Why?

### CONCLUSION

What is so intoxicating, and also so dangerous, about Creepy Dom, is that he does not distinguish between the scene and reality. This is why he thinks that dominant people are dominant all the time, and submissive people are doormats. This is why he doesn't negotiate or ask permission. This is why he has no regard for rules.

To him, it is not a game. He is not looking for a safe, sane and consensual relationship, with limits, safewords, and

boundaries. He is a real control freak who wants to hurt you.

It can be really hot, at first, because let's face it- none of us fantasize about negotiations and limits. We fantasize about some big rough brute coming up to us in the corner of a dark club and demanding exactly what he wants. And that's pretty much what this guy does. He makes it all real, and that is the source of his charm. That is also why he will destroy you.

Around him, there's no "off" time. Even when you aren't technically in a scene, he takes control of the situation. Although he may not say he's interested in 24/7, what he wants is complete power over you.

When all's said and done, Creepy Dom is just a classic abuser dressed up in leather. And that, my friends, is a lot less sexy than it sounds. *P*

[www.tranarchism.com](http://www.tranarchism.com)



# GENDERQUEER KILLJOY



## ON GENDERQUEER IDENTITY, VISIBILITY, ALLYSHIP, AND ANGER

by Maranda Elizabeth

I identify as genderqueer. I use the pronoun “they.” When I first came out, I was using “they” and “she.” I very quickly realized that using two pronouns meant people would automatically revert to ‘she’ because it was easier for them, because they didn’t have to think about things like language and gender, and because it was less confusing. It felt like I was giving friends and strangers permission not to care, not to think, not to try to change. Not to help me destroy things and change things. I gave them permission to be lazy and careless, and I let them off the hook. And I realized other people made it more awkward than I did. Like, when they acknowledge that you’re using a different pronoun, but instead of actually using it, they replace the pronoun

by using your name a hundred times. Instead of saying, “Maranda sent me a letter and they told me about this event going on in their town and blah blah,” they say, “Maranda wrote me a letter and Maranda told me about this event going on in the town where Maranda lives and blah blah.” Well, fuck that. My gut clenches when somebody refers to me as ‘she’, whether or not they know of my genderqueer identity and my discomfort with having my gender chosen for me by somebody else. My body tenses. I wonder if I should say anything. I don’t want it to be awkward, but I’m sick of being hurt over and over and feeling unable to defend myself. As if I were just trying to make things difficult for them (things are already more difficult than

you realize without me trying to make them difficult!). I wilt and cringe a little inside, and sometimes outside, when I am misgendered.

When I started talking about all this, an anonymous friend sent me a custom-

**I'm not a girl. Maybe my dress and my vulva are confusing you? Ask yourself why.**

made necklace in the mail that says 'they' in purple glitter. Another friend sent me an embroidered wall-hanging with 'they' stitched in purple thread surrounded by lilacs. And another friend mailed me handmade pins that say, "It's

okay to call me they", and "I am NOT a girl". All these magical gifts I have shown off so proudly, adorning my neck and my wall and fastening them to my cardigans, and still, after seeing these words on me and having conversations with me, looking me in the eye, even some of my friends can't be bothered to remember. Can't understand how disrespectful and hurtful and gross it is to care about me and not care at the same time.

How come we can remember hundreds of names but we can't remember more than two pronouns?

I'm not a girl. Maybe my dress and my vulva are confusing you? Ask yourself why that confuses you. Ask yourself why using a different pronoun, why using more inclusive language, scares you. Ask yourself how your confusion and your assumptions and your fears might be harming those around you.

## 101

I had a good conversation with a friend, and I wish we could have talked longer, but the music was loud and there were things to do and other people to talk to and it's so awkward when you'd rather have this conversation on your livingroom floor than in front of the stage

at a bar. But anyway, we talked about the gender thing and we talked about how we are so darn sick of feeling obligated to have the \_\_\_\_\_ 101 conversation over and over and over again. Queer 101, Disability 101, Class 101, Feminism 101, Racism 101, Gender 101, Oppression 101. How many times do the basics have to be repeated before we can move on?!

I am really tired of explaining to cis people<sup>1</sup> that I don't feel like having another Gender 101 conversation with them, nor do I feel like providing them with links and resources so they can learn how to be an "ally." I'm sick of people writing things like "trans\*- friendly" and/or "gender-variant-friendly" on fliers and event descriptions, as if simply saying that actually makes their event a safe/r space. I'm tired of feeling hesitant to attend (or outright avoiding) queer & and feminist events and workshops because it's likely I'll be misgendered by other people attending and/or running the show. I'm tired of feeling like I need to wear some kind of genderqueer uniform to be visible and recognized, and I'm tired of being disappointed in people I thought were my friends because they don't get it.

While I acknowledge and am grateful for having the privilege of access to information and resources that led me to become a feminist, a queer, a weirdo, a genderqueer, a genderqueerdo, a radical person, and a delightfully crazy person, I am also exhausted with having to explain what each of those words mean and why they are relevant and meaningful in my life. People have been writing about all of these things and more since before I was born, so why is it still so new? Even in so-called queer communities, feminist

**How come we can remember hundreds of names but we can't remember more than two pronouns?**

<sup>1</sup> The word 'cis-gender' is used to refer to people whose bodies and gender identities match the gender they were assigned at birth. For a more in depth definition, see <http://gender.wikia.com/wiki/Cisgender>

communities, safe/r spaces (no such thing), I need to give the 101 talks, I need to try to erase the assumptions about who I am or live with them quietly and ragingly.

Having this conversation with my friend helped validate the rage and frustration at the times I had to correct everyone or choose not to and the times I was criticized for not providing clear enough definitions of the words I used to people who had the ability to look it up if they cared to take the time and effort. How are we supposed to get out of the 101 Beginners Classes and move onto everything else?

And this leads me to another struggle, another question. How do I have these conversations with folks who aren't involved in so-called radical circles, folks who don't have to think about these things in their daily lives? I find myself wondering how to create and participate in communities that aren't necessarily queer, or feminist, or artistic, or whatever. Or they're one but not another and maybe they care or maybe they don't, I don't know...

#### DEAR CIS PEOPLE

Cis people, I know you're well-meaning or whatever, but sometimes I just don't want to hear about your so-very-interesting process of learning how not to assume somebody's gender, and how to use gender-neutral pronouns. Also, stop expecting recognition & treats & gratitude for using people's correct pronouns, asking first, and trying not to be a jerk, and please stop asking me to define "cis" for you when you have the ability to look it up. We don't owe you anything. If you are offended by any of this, you have oodles of privilege and you have work to do. I hate to say, "But don't worry, I have lots of rad cis friends and I love them to death!" I do. But that's not what this is about right now, okay?

Pronouns aren't the only thing. For me, they are actually the most simple thing. When do I get to take a break from correcting messed up pronouns and move on to discussing gender and destroying the binary and really really learning how to see people without assuming their gender, describing people without prefacing the description with, "She looks like," or, "He looks like." When do I get to talk about the past and how even as a kid, even as a teenager, I sort of got the feeling I wasn't a girl, but I wasn't a boy either, and I knew nothing about gender and theory except that I liked boys who looked like girls and I had to find a way to stop my period from happening every month for the next forty years, and I had no words for what I was and no vision of who I could be. When will these experiences and thoughts and

words become accessible to youth, to people who haven't found their queer communities yet, to people who need to know these things so they can find reasons to keep on living?

Choosing not to assume somebody's gender isn't difficult. When you meet someone, you know very little or nothing at all about their own personal histories, their mental health, their family, their

spirituality, their income level, and so on. You also don't know their gender identity. Remember that. Also remember that you may have friends who are trans or genderqueer and haven't come out to you, or anyone else, or perhaps not even quite themselves yet. Just because you know somebody as one gender doesn't mean they will be that gender forever. Your kids might be genderqueer or trans, too. And your parents and siblings and workmates and schoolmates and everybody ever. Try to keep these things in mind, okay?

**You may have friends who are trans or genderqueer and haven't come out to you, or anyone else, or perhaps not even quite themselves yet.**

## A BRIEF NOTE ON DISABILITY, VISIBILITY, AND ALLYSHIP

My disabilities are invisible and range in intensity (chronic pain, allergies to scents & cigarette smoke, depression, anxiety, PTSD, BPD...), thus I pass as an able-bodied person. I have access to the internet, libraries, and local (& sometimes not-local) events, and I live in a town with plenty of queer folks & queer-friendly spaces. At the same time, I remain invisible in most communities, and this affects my dis/abilities, self-esteem, creativity, etc. I use the word “genderqueer” to describe myself, and while I don’t totally identify as trans (because I am not transitioning, and the experiences of someone who is transitioning from one gender to another are different from my own personal experience).

I am not cis either, but something else. Genderqueers often remain unacknowledged even in queer and feminist spaces, where it’s common to advertise as “queer- & trans-friendly” or “women & trans women welcome” or “women and trans welcome”, etc., leaving us to wonder if we are welcome or belong at said event.

I don’t feel that “ally” is an identity; rather, it is an ever-shifting process, more like a journey than a destination. Just because you say you want to be an ally to genderqueers, gender-variant people, and trans people, doesn’t mean you are one, and doesn’t mean you will be one always and forever. Being an ally is an active process, and you will absolutely fuck up. People will call you out, and you’ll feel defensive & uncomfortable. Hopefully you’ll also learn. *P*

## RESOURCES

[marandaelizabeth.com](http://marandaelizabeth.com) (my blog, where I write about genderqueer identity, mental health, and embracing weirdnesses)

[marandaelizabeth.com/2012/09/17/genderqueer-killjoy](http://marandaelizabeth.com/2012/09/17/genderqueer-killjoy) (an in-progress list of resources for genderqueers and potential allies)

[t-vox.org/index.php?title=Cisgender\\_Privilege#Cisgender\\_privilege\\_checklist](http://t-vox.org/index.php?title=Cisgender_Privilege#Cisgender_privilege_checklist)

[tranarchism.com](http://tranarchism.com)



# gay lemonade



1. Squeeze a whole bunch of lemons, and put the juice in a pitcher with some water and honey or sugar to taste.



2. Pick some lavender from your neighbour's yard (or your own if you're on the ball).

3. Mix lavender and ice cubes with the lemonade.



4. Crank tunes, serve to babes.





## Deleuze, Guattari & Pervert Politics

By Anon.

*from the zine: play! Fight! thoughts, fantasies & stories on kinky sex and politics*

If perverse sexual practices and political activism are normally understood as separate sets of activities, restricted to their own non-communicating spheres, then where might we find them unified? Or if we desire such a connection, must we construct it ourselves? Some of the most stimulating insights into this problem can be found in the writings of the philosophers Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari. Deleuze discussed the subjects of masochism and politics at various

points in his writing career. Two specific texts will be considered here: first, the essay “Coldness and Cruelty” (1967), and secondly, “How Do You Make Yourself a Body Without Organs?” (1980), written with Guattari.

In “Coldness and Cruelty”, Deleuze discusses masochism by returning to a foundational text on the subject: the writings of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, particularly *Venus in Furs*. At the time Deleuze wrote this essay, the Marquis de

Sade (whose erotic writings dealing with violence and criminality were notorious in 19th century France, and from whose name comes the word “sadist”) had been widely discussed in French intellectual circles, and this essay re-established Masoch’s reputation as an artist in his own right, as opposed to simply a complementary shadow of de Sade. Deleuze emphasises the significance of the revolutionary historical moments to which these authors were responding. On one level, the fictions and sexual practices of both authors can be understood as parodying the philosophies which were used to justify the ruling order. They humorously or ironically replay them, in sexualised form, in order to subvert them. De Sade and Masoch thus share a common enemy, but they attack it in distinct ways (here we are focussing on the masochistic strategy). The enemy in question is ‘the law’, both as a social reality and as an internalised form of order by which human subjects repress their own desires. In order to understand Deleuze’s sense of ‘the law’, it is necessary to grasp the importance of the Freudian Oedipus complex to his contemporaries. Briefly, the Oedipus complex can be summarised as the idea that every boy sexually desires his mother, but fears punishment from his father, who represents the law against incest. “Coldness and Cruelty” is written within a psychoanalytic framework. Freud, as he sought to institutionalize psychoanalysis, saw the role of the analyst as facilitating the patient’s passage through the Oedipus complex, and thereby allowing each adult to be integrated into their proper place in the family. The argument goes that our attitude to the wider social world is determined by the fact that we recognize various authority figures (e.g. teachers, police, bosses, judges) in the symbolic terms of paternal authority that we learn within the family. If the child successfully resolves his Oedipus complex (that is, if he marries and has children), this will

inevitably reproduce the complex for another generation, and perpetuate the cycle. Deleuze’s argument is that, since the social order is corrupt, perversions such as sadism and masochism are in fact valuable practices of resistance to these normalising tendencies. But Deleuze clearly believed at this point that psychoanalysis could still be retained as a liberatory tool, if it could be adapted to accommodate the perversions in a non-judgemental fashion. The role of masochism, for Deleuze, is to expel the father figure from the fantasy scene of desire, by bestowing the task of punishment on the mother, who then beats out the figure of paternal authority which the son has internalised. This allows him to be ‘reborn’ as a new man, free from the Oedipus complex. (Just as Freud’s concept of the Oedipus complex addresses itself primarily to male sexual dilemmas, Deleuze tends to marginalise the question of whether there could be a feminine type of masochism.)

Masochism returns in his piece with Guattari entitled “How Do You Make Yourself a Body Without Organs?”, in their book *A Thousand Plateaus*. Masochism is considered alongside other practices, from courtly love to yoga, from experimentation with drugs to the avant-garde writing of Antonin Artaud. The question for Deleuze and Guattari is how to unify these various practices. The politics behind this project can be understood as one of solidarity between creative minorities. There is a parallel here with broader revolutionary programs for the reconstruction and renovation of society. This article has given a very general indication of some approaches towards the intersection between politics and perversion that can be found in Deleuze and Guattari’s work. Readers interested in politics, perversion, or both, should feel encouraged to encounter the texts firsthand... **p**



# Surrendering Freedom

By Mhicsian



*from the zine: Play! Fight! thoughts,  
fantasies & stories on kinky sex and politics*

I hate being arrested. I go through it because it is an “occupational hazard”, a risk you have to take if you want to change anything. What I hate is the police forcing me to give up my freedoms, their domination, and it not being my choice.

It takes about a week after being arrested, but there is an inevitable need to surrender myself totally to someone else. It does not matter how much they use me as long they make me work for their attention. I want to give in to them, to surrender to them of my own free will. This is me giving up my freedoms, my choice to find my pleasures in this way. I love it when they chain me up and punish me. Sometimes when I am sitting in a cell I think of the things that have been done to me when I have surrendered to a lover, and I know the police have nothing on me. They do not know how often I have been tied up and whipped until every inch of my skin glows from the pain; they do not know how I have been pinned down and fucked at my partner's whim. Above all, they do not know the security of being in the arms of someone so completely in

control of me, of being with someone I want to serve so completely. No copper is ever going to get that from me, and that gives me strength to resist. They will not break me. Yet I need to know that they will not break me, that I will not be broken in the future, and so each time I return to the absolute surrender.

I feel lucky that I have had partners who are willing to indulge these desires. There are times, though, when it is not enough to make my own choice to submit. I have too much anger and then I need to let that go if I am to stay sane and to be able to look another piece of filth in the eye. In those moments to have a slave is the only thing that will do for me. It is then I am at my harshest, most dominant. My play is rough and my demands absolute. I want to push the boundaries of pain and obedience in my slave. To me this is not perversion or a contradiction of my anarchist principles, but about keeping me sane and dealing with the traumas of being active in a fucked-up world. This is not to say that I don't enjoy all these things for their own sake – I assure you that I definitely do--but I have worked them into my life as a political activist as well. It is a nice convergence. No masters but the ones I choose..**p**



## here were times when...

I was beside you facing you resting on my knees one hand on your back and the other hand nearly entirely inside of you with your panties pulled to the side and you rushed on my open palm pushing and pounding hard i thought my thumb would break then i lowered it lingering pressed against

you had my cock in your mouth and one hand in my ass and i was sitting on your chest one of my hands in your cunt the other holding the wall or stroking my nipples or pulling my own hair and we'd just met a couple days ago and i think i love you

i came right away

we went to bed quiet and unassuming but when we spooned i got hard and you slowly leaned forward and put your ass into it and i leaned back and pushed and we made out hot and tense until you came and the sun came too

and when we woke you were like we're just waking up and kept breathing like it was a marathon and i was wondering and wandering through this new thing with you

my mum walked in with you riding my hand your back on my chest while i reached down and forward

lifting you with my body my knees up your legs draped over mine tight and limp at once and we horrified her but i still wonder how we did it how i could reach

i cheated on her with you in the forest by my house and you showed me how to make you come and you came and i came and we fucked o we fucked and we walked home together mangled and smiles picking twigs from our crotches for days

the 40s smashed loud as we walked away and went back to your shed and i tore off your pants and sucked your cock and you me and i wanted to be inside you or you me but it couldn't work and i just wanted you to come inside me once hot liquid shot into me you coulda just spit on me

you came right away

she and your sister separated from us by a sheet while we fucked furiously on her bed and your writhing edged me and urged me on and i wanted you to fucking blow the fuck up with orgasm but it didn't happen that time and you went down on me and i came in ten minutes we were slow back then i wonder what you're like now *P*

# BURN PILE

All the zines reviewed here can be found at the Arrow Archive zine library in University Centre Room 107 (that's GRCGED!). To find them in the collection, refer to the last line of the review

(AA location); this will tell you which box to look in to find the zine on our shelves.

For more info about the zine library go look on the interbone at:

[www.arrowarchive.blogspot.com](http://www.arrowarchive.blogspot.com)



## **In Which Franklin the Turtle Meets the Spice Girls**

Short and sexy. A call girl meets an elderly client and is surprised to find herself completely exhausted and satisfied at the end of his visit. Slow and steady wins the race, and by race I mean crazy mad orgasm. -e.war

Half size, 6 pgs

[bendergear@gmail.com](mailto:bendergear@gmail.com)

[bendergear.blogspot.com](http://bendergear.blogspot.com)

AA location: queer

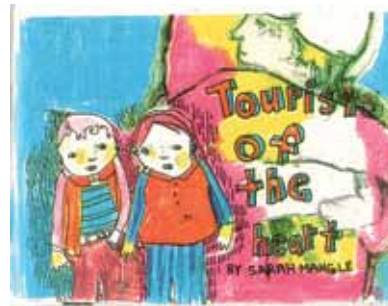
## **Tourists of the Heart**

Sarah's own chunky and awkward yet beautiful drawings illustrate this little heart breaker for us. Sarah writes about Halifax, its streets, its houses, its people, and the complex yet transient relationships that pass like ships in the dark harbor, so close and so dangerous. Sarah writes of friends spreading out and moving away, and of projects unfinished. This zine focuses on one of these projects; only the project is a deep friendship that is lost in the swirl of time and commitment. -e.war

Quarter size, 34 pgs

[sarah.mangle@gmail.com](mailto:sarah.mangle@gmail.com)

AA location: perzine



## **Masturbation: Interviews about self love**

There is no such thing as too many pocket-sized masturbation zines. Masturbation contains eight interviews on masturbation, each accompanied by a simple, sexy line drawing. Interviews share a collection of fantasies, techniques, and experiences in pretty graphic detail, which I really liked. They also address social views on gender, shame, and privilege in a way which is at once repetitive and reassuring. I would have preferred to hear from a more diverse range of respondents, but hopefully there will be future issues to increase the sample size. -p.p.

Quarter size, 28 pgs

[janamphilipp@gmail.com](mailto:janamphilipp@gmail.com)

AA location: queer



FULL ZINE AVAILABLE FOR DOWNLOAD FROM [ZINELIBRARY.INFO](http://ZINELIBRARY.INFO)

**Asexual:** a person who does **NOT** experience sexual attraction



**Asexuality** is...

considered a sexual orientation (or lack thereof)

a community about 1% of people identify with/in the asexuality community

a spectrum & an umbrella term

totally normal!

a label

## ASEXUALITY COMES IN A LOT OF FLAVORS

**AROMANTIC**  
Someone who does not experience romantic attraction

**ACE**  
Shorthand for asexual, like bi is short for bisexual

**DEMISEXUAL**  
A person who experiences sexual attraction only AFTER forming a strong intellectual or emotional bond with someone, and not at "first sight."

**HETEROROMANTIC**  
romantically attracted to people of a sex different from one's own sex.

**OMOROMANTIC**  
romantically attracted to people of the same sex as one's own sex.

**GREY ASEXUALITY**  
aka grey-A  
somewhere between sexual and asexual, such as a person who very rarely experiences sexual attraction or once did but now doesn't.

**REPULSED**  
Someone who is "quicked out" by the thought of themselves having sex. Etc.

**MORE**  
in the back room!  
Just ask! 😊

**INDIFFERENT**  
someone who feels "pretty meh" about sex, neither very repulsed nor enthusiastic about it.

**PANROMANTIC**  
romantically attracted to people of many genders

**BIROMANTIC**  
romantically attracted to both women and men



You wanna  
be an ally?  
Here's how.



## HOW to BE an ALLY to ASEXUALS

### 1. Listen and believe us!

Everyone is the expert of their own experience.

### 2. Educate yourself about asexuality.

Lots of resources exist. Use them!

### 3. Ask before asking.

Not all asexuals want to be your asexuality encyclopedia.  
Make sure an asexual is open to questions before asking.

### 4. Advocate for asexual visibility.

Asexuality gets left out a lot. Include it!  
Support projects that make asexuality visible.

### 5. Move up, move back.

Know when to talk about asexuality and when  
to listen to asexual voices.



# TIPS for SEXUALS DATING ASEXUALS

a guest page authored  
by Melissa Sweet

- ~ YOUR PARTNER'S ASEXUALITY is not a reflection of a "failure" on your part to "make" them be sexually attracted to you. You also can't "make" them be sexual. But you can...
- ~ UNDERSTAND that you might not understand each other's different sexualities but talk about it often, and talk to other people about it when it's appropriate. You both need supportive listeners!
- ~ ENCOURAGE your partner to connect with an asexual community.
- ~ CONSENT and OPEN COMMUNICATION are key to an awesome relationship - talk about what sex means for both of you, what you feel like you need in order to be with the other person, and most importantly, be HONEST about what you need and be willing to compromise - but know when you can and can't compromise.
- ~ JUST BECAUSE YOUR PARTNER isn't sexually attracted to you doesn't mean you're not a SEXY BEAST. Your partner's attraction to you isn't indicative of how the world sees you. Appreciate and recognize ways that your partner feels closest to you, which is likely to be nonsexually.
- ~ READ and TALK about asexuality and find good resources to be a great partner and ally.



# ASEXUALITY is NOT:



# SAY MY NAME

An evening of stories about personal transition  
told through comics, songs, and press clippings.



**Elisha Lim** will be talking about the gender-neutral pronoun 'they',  
and the press controversy that they faced around it.

**Kit Wilson-Yang** will sing beautiful songs and tell stories about  
her experiences as a mixed-race trans woman.



Friday, October 26th 7:00PM  
At The Square, 86 Wyndham St. N.

New book by Maranda Elizabeth

## TELEGRAM

A Collection of Twenty-Seven Issues

In *Telegram: A Collection of Twenty-Seven Issues*, Maranda tells tales of daily adventures, friendship, gender identity, falling in love with bicycles, getting tattoos, moving out, going crazy, and their experiences with inpatient hospitalizations. They also write about their relationship with their twin sister, and learning how to take care of their mental health within and without conventional institutions, identifying as genderqueer, getting sober, living a creative and meaningful daily life, and finding reasons to keep on going.



Release Date: late October 2012

[marandaelizabeth.com](http://marandaelizabeth.com)  
[mendmydress.com](http://mendmydress.com)



*It was  
once that to be  
queer was to be in direct conflict with  
the forces of control and domination. Now, we  
are faced with a condition of utter stagnation and  
sterility. As always, Capital recuperated brick-throwing  
street queens into suited politicians and activists. There are  
log-cabin-Republicans and “stonewall” refers to gay Democrats.  
There are gay energy drinks and a “queer” television station that  
wages war on the minds, bodies and esteem of impressionable youth.  
The “LGBT” political establishment has become a force of assimilation,  
gentrification, capital and state-power. Gay identity has become both a  
marketable commodity and a device of withdrawal from struggle against  
domination.*

*A fag is bashed because his gender presentation is far too femme. A poor  
transman can’t afford his life-saving hormones. A sex worker is murdered  
by their client. A genderqueer persyn is raped because ze just needed to be  
“fucked straight”. Four black lesbians are sent to prison for daring to defend  
themselves against a straight-male attacker.’ Cops beat us on the streets and  
our bodies are being destroyed by pharmaceutical companies because we can’t  
give them a dime.*

*Queers experience, directly with our bodies, the violence and  
domination of this world. Class, Race, Gender, Sexuality, Ability;  
while often these interrelated and overlapping categories of oppression  
are lost to abstraction, queers are forced to physically understand  
each. We’ve had our bodies and desires stolen from us, mutilated  
and sold back to us as a model of living we can never embody.*

***filth is our politics!  
filth is our life!***

*-Towards the Queerest Insurrection by the Mary Nardini Gang*

Gloryhole

